MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 9 50p

ROUNDING OFF A SUPER SUMMER

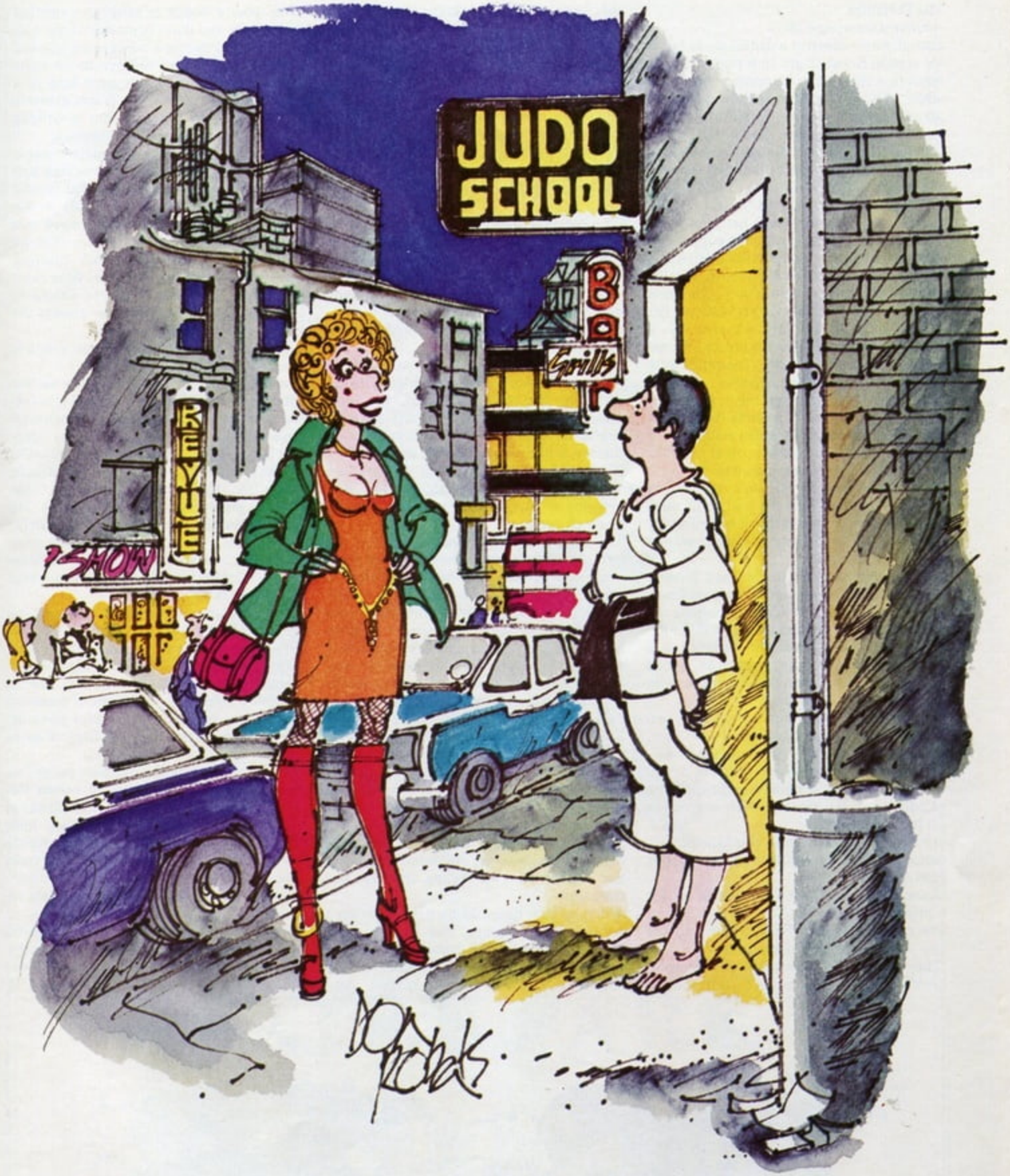
SEVEN SEXY BIRDS / TARZAN / QUEST / KAYAKS / CARS / CARRIE

AUSTRIA 40 SCH BELGIUM 63 FRS DENMARK 12 KR FINLAND 6-50 FM FRANCE 9 NF GERMANY 6-50 DM GREECE DRH 100 ITALY 1500 L HOLLAND 5-90 FL NORWAY 10-75 KR SWEDEN 8 KR SWITZERLAND 6-50 FRS CANADA AND U.S.A. $1-50

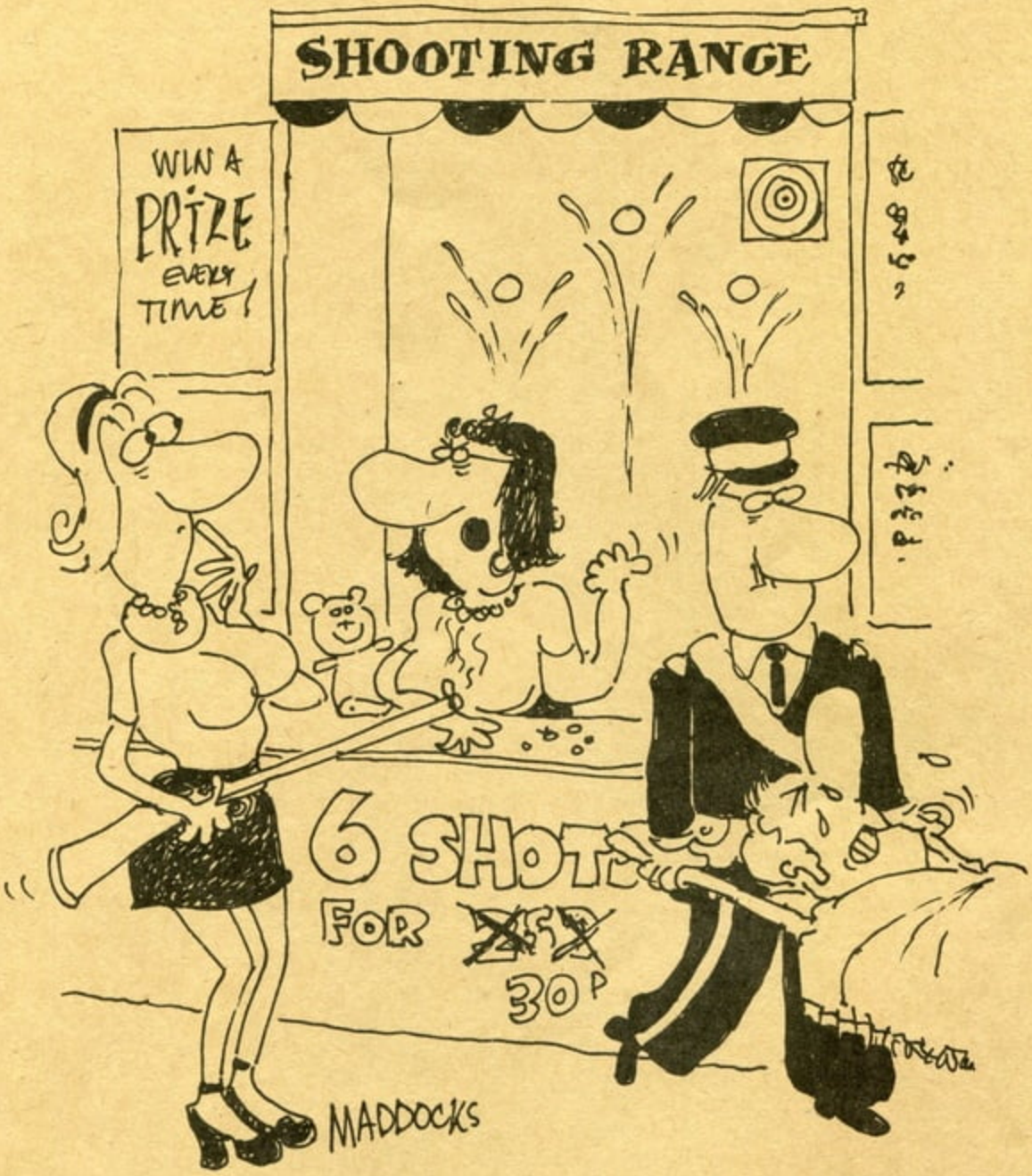
CLARE

Over on the Isle of Man a couple of months ago for the famous TT Races, we were attempting to break the banque one evening at the casino in Douglas when attention was irresistibly drawn from the spinning roulette wheel to the rotating hips of 22-year-old Clare Tarrant. Now there are walks and walks, but to watch the sensuous sway of Clare's bottom – firm with just a hint of jiggle – is something special. 'Swivel hips,' she laughs. 'That's what one of my boy-friends used to call me. I don't consciously wiggle when I walk, it just seems to happen that way. I must admit I do try to take advantage of it though. I like to wear very tight jeans and dresses stretched really taut over my bum. Of course this means that I can't wear panties, because if I did I'd get the outline showing through and I think that detracts from the sexiness of the whole thing.' Clare's bottom, perched on top of long, long legs and putting the final finishing touch to a 5 feet 6 inch, 36–23–36 figure sits on a secretary's

chair for five days each week in an office in Douglas. 'It's not the greatest job in the world, but it keeps a roof over my head and food in the larder. It's a funny old place is Douglas: great in summer, dead in winter. Sometimes a girlfriend and I will save up and fly down to London for a weekend in the winter. I have a couple of boyfriends in London that I met when they were on holiday here, so I always have somewhere to stay. Or occasionally they might come over here as it's so much cheaper.' Clare smiles. 'I think they're just after my wiggle, but the chase is always fun!'



'Like to sample a few of my *throws?'*



'He meant shoot his balls off the water spout, dear!'

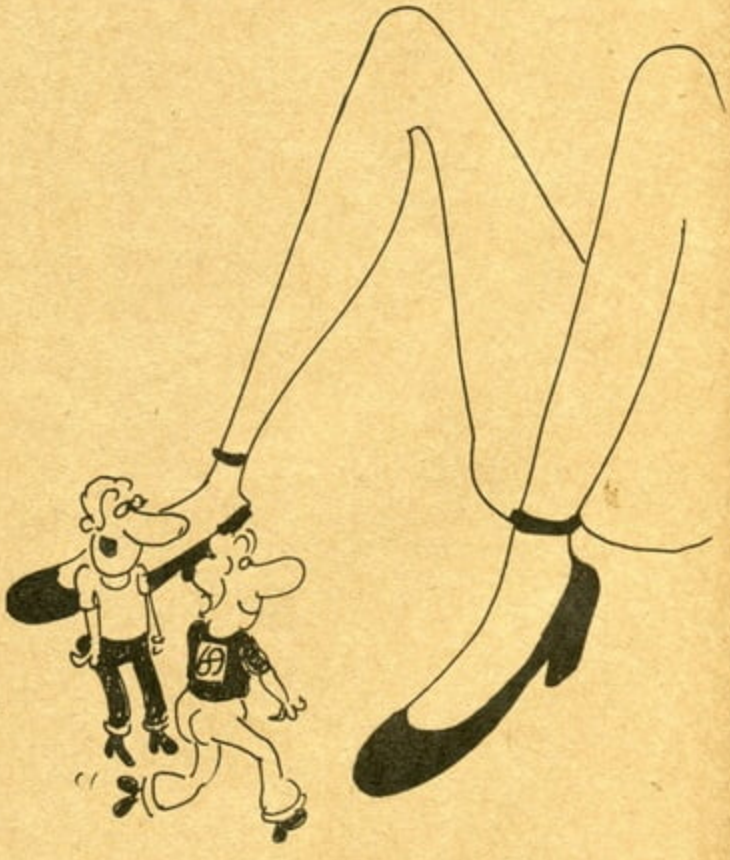
FAIR'S FARE

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks has some erotic suggestions on how to get more fun from the fair

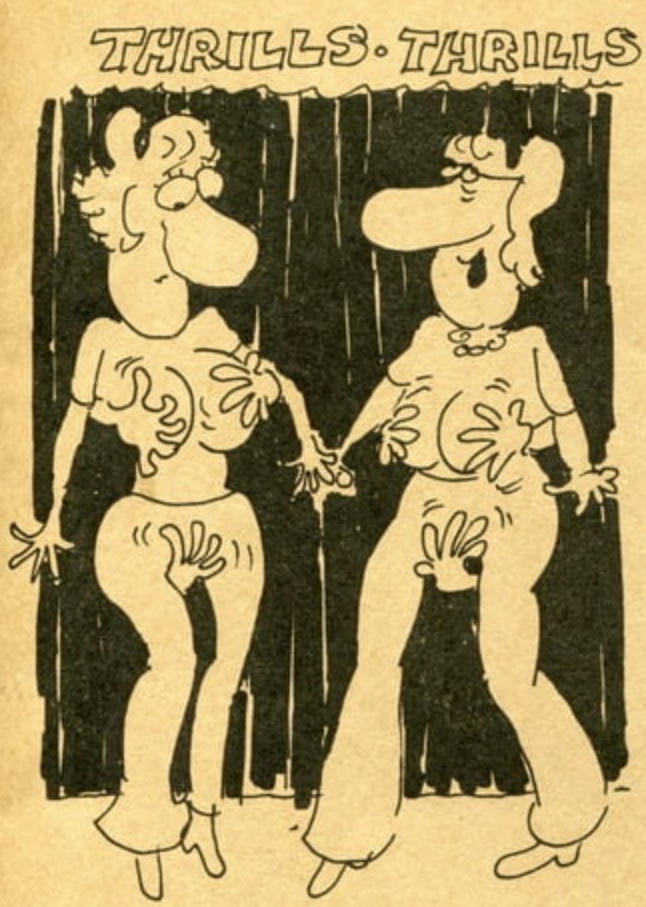
'Look out Martha, here comes the big dipper.'

'I'd rather you hand me the balls one at a time.'

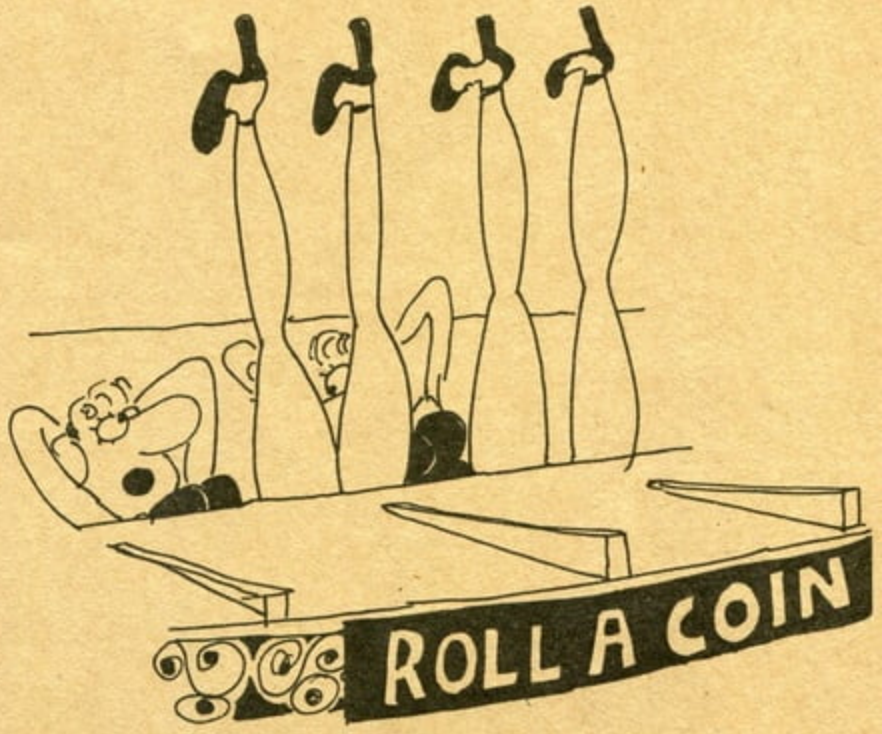
'Whatever happened to those nice horses which went up and down?'



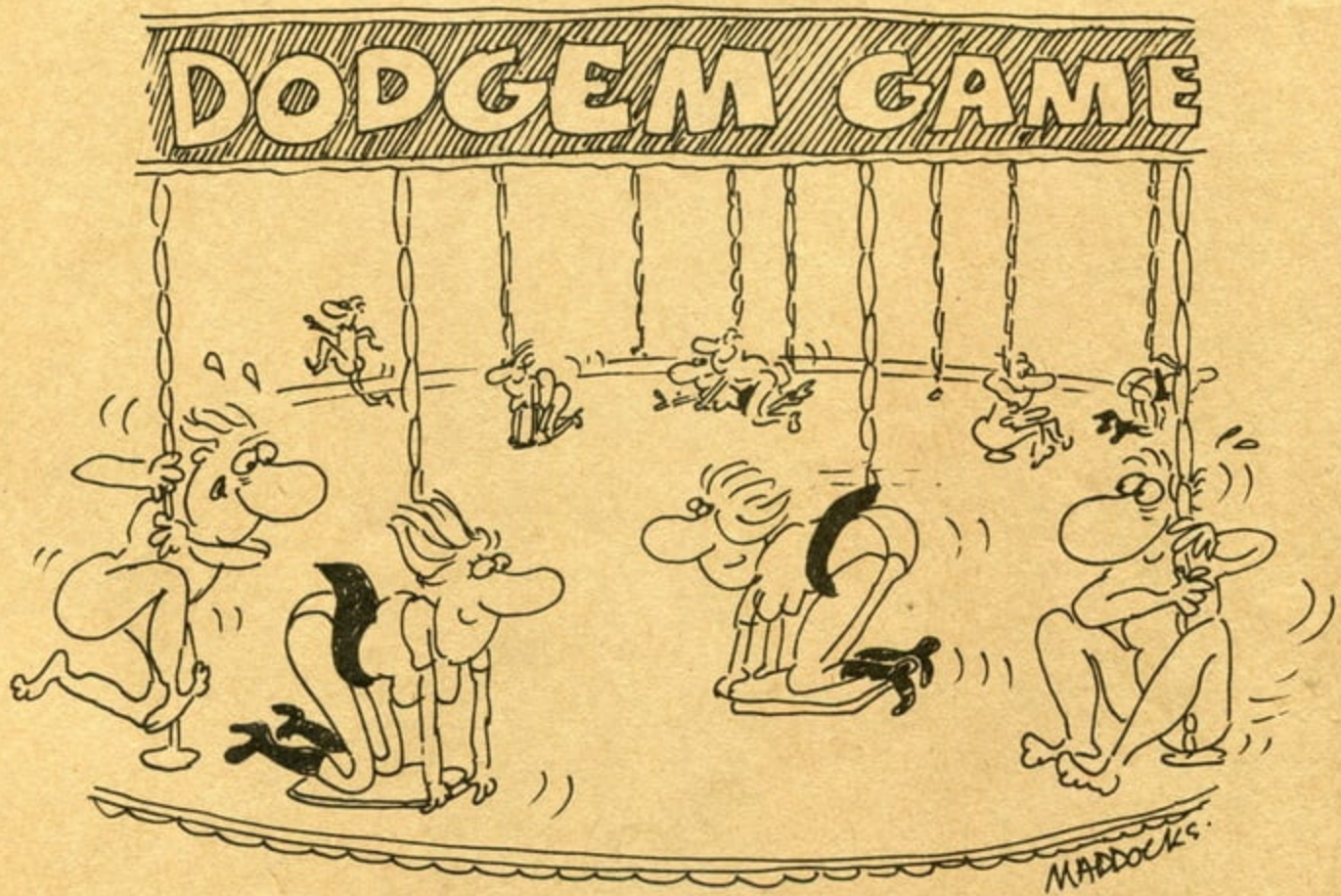
'Now that's what I call a tunnel of love.'



'I just love the grabbing machine, don't you?'



'It's those 50p pieces which I hate.'



JENNIFER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

There's a very pretty French restaurant called *Le Mont St Michel* in London's Uxbridge Road near Shepherd's Bush. Inside sits 19-year-old Jennifer Borley, smiling happily after an excellent meal and a good bottle of wine. 'Delicious,' she observes, running a spoon round a plate to catch the last vestiges of a creamy dessert. 'I've been dying to come here for ages, but the prices are

a bit beyond my reach at the moment. Secretaries aren't *that* highly paid, despite what you might read in the papers about girls who earn as much as their bosses.' She laughs, a mass of light-brown hair turning to soft amber in the candlelight. 'I always find that as soon as I've saved a little, some totally unexpected bill arrives and cleans out the kitty. The only time I actually have managed to save up money I used it to hitch-hike around Europe a year or so back. That was marvellous. I went all over the place, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, Holland – you name it and the chances are I've been there. Favourite places? St Tropez was pretty good but madly expensive: an ice-cream cost nearly a quid! There are some quiet, isolated beaches in Greece where you can sunbathe in the nude. That's good too, but the first time I tried it I burnt my nipples.' Jennifer pauses, gazing half-serious, half-teasing. 'I had to rub soothing cream on them and because the cream was cold, it made my nipples go stiff and stand up.' She smiles. 'I can't deny that it was

a bit of a turn-on.' She glances down. 'It seems my nipples have reacted to the memory,' she grins. 'It becomes a bit obvious sometimes as I don't like wearing a bra very much even though I am quite a big girl. You could hardly call 5 feet 7 inches and 38–24–36 small, could you? I don't like wearing knickers much either.' She leans over the table, whispering conspiratorially, 'Actually I don't have any knickers on now. I'm just wearing stockings held up by garters. Suspender belts are too fiddly and besides garters are sexier. I'm lucky in that my tits don't need a bra to keep them firm. I put one on sometimes though. After all, one has to preserve one's maidenly modesty from time to time, doesn't one?' Jennifer giggles. 'With all those "ones" I must sound like a certain Royal personage. Just a sign of my good breeding and impeccable manners! Manners are very important. Every girl likes affection both before *and* afterwards as well as during. It makes us all feel wanted.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The teenage couple in the front room were engaged in a heavy petting session on the settee, unaware that the mother of the girl was peering through a crack in the door and reporting their every move to Dad, who continued to read his paper, unmoved. 'Eh, Dad,' she exclaimed, 'he's got our Ethel's blouse off now.'
'So what?' said Dad, 'I used to take yours off when we were their age, didn't I?'
'But Dad, he's got her right across the settee now.'
'That's all right,' came the disinterested reply, 'I used to put you across the settee at that age, didn't I?'
So the conversation continued in similar fashion for the next half an hour with Dad remaining unmoved by the whispered commentary. Finally all sounds of movement from the front room ceased and Dad heaved a sigh of relief as the discourse from Mum came to an end. Suddenly, however, she exclaimed, 'Eh, now he really is doing something you *never* did!'
'Well, what now?' queried Dad wearily.
'Eh, Dad,' she exclaimed, 'he's wiping his cock on our curtains!'

A group of country folk were about to set off on a visit to London to see Buckingham Palace. They all arrived at the coach station on time except for farmer Giles. Half an hour later he turned up carrying a huge basket of plums.
'What 'ave ye got 'em for?' his mates asked him.
'They're for 'Er Majesty,' he replied, 'for it say in National Anthem, don't it, "send her Victorias"?'

A sexy sales representative had a reputation for always getting in to see the heads of major companies. When pressed on how she managed it she said: 'Quite easily, really. It's just careful planning.'
'In what way?' she was asked.
'Well, I always carry this rubber date stamp. Then I take a pair of my sexiest panties. Suppose I wanted to see the director on Wednesday the 22nd, I'd date stamp one leg of the pants the 21st and the other the 23rd. Then I'd send them to him with a note which says: "Would you like to see me somewhere between Tuesday and Thursday?".'

Every Friday evening old Fred went to his local cinema for his weekly night out and, to keep him company, he always took along his pet duck. Fred was an old friend of the cinema manager who was pleased to allow Fred's duck to accompany him. One Friday Fred was in the queue as usual with his duck at his feet and as he neared the box-office he felt a firm hand on his shoulder. 'Sorry,' said the commissionaire, 'but the old manager's retired. We've got a new whizz-kid in charge now and he wants to create a new image. It'd be more than my job's worth to let that duck of yours in. You can come in, but not him.'
So Fred picked up his despondent duck tucked him under an arm and waddled off down the street. 'Blast it,' he thought as he turned the corner, 'no jumped up youngster's going to ruin our night out.' Fred unbuttoned his mac and popped the duck down the front of his trousers and rejoined the queue at the box-office.
After about half an hour in the darkened cinema the duck became restless so Fred undid a fly button and the duck popped its head out, happy for the fresh air.
A few minutes later the busty blonde sitting next to Fred leaned over and whispered to her boyfriend, 'Here, Bill, that old boy next to me's got his thing out.'
'What's wrong with that?' said Bill, 'you've got mine out.'
'Yeah, continued the blonde, 'but yours isn't eating my popcorn!'

Did you hear about the girl who wrote to the problem page of a famous woman's magazine? 'I love my boyfriend dearly,' she wrote, 'but every time I arrive on a date he looks so badly shaved. What should I do?' The magazine counselled: 'Try arriving on time!'

Confucious he say man who make love to woman on ground have piece on earth.

A Norseman about to set sail on a raping and pillaging raid was asked by his blind wife to bring back a new sink unit. 'I just can't cope with our present one,' she said, 'it leaks muck everywhere . . . and you know those pigs, they're in the kitchen getting under my feet and tripping me up. So, dear, bring me back a nice new stainless steel sink.'
A few days later the Norsemen descended on a Saxon village and set about the usual task of raping and pillaging. On returning to the longboat, the Norseman remembered the sink so dashed back to the burning village. A thorough search, however, revealed nothing more than a used coal hod. 'Ah, early Saxon. Quite nice. She'll never know the difference,' he thought.
On returning home he presented his wife with the hod and explained that he couldn't find a new stainless steel sink like she'd asked for. And far from being annoyed she was most pleased with the acquisition. Which only goes to prove that an 'od's as good as a sink to a blind Norse.

The big-time gambler's funeral was well attended by his former professional acquaintances. In eulogy, the speaker said, 'Spike is not dead, he only sleeps.' From the back of the hall came a voice: 'I've got £100 that says he don't wake up.'

There was a young fellow of Cork
Who couldn't get his bladder to work.
He at last freed his organ
From its terrible burden,
By piercing the end with a fork.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

SHELEENA

About the nearest most of us in this country will get to Hawaii is by watching the highly popular television series *Hawaii Five-O*, the programme in which super-cop Steve McGarrett regularly foils even the most machiavellian schemes of evil-doers, fixing them with a steely gaze at the end of each episode and instructing his faithful side-kick Dano to 'Book them – murder one!' (Are murders the *only* form of crime in Hawaii?). Also from Hawaii, only this time a little nearer

home and a lot less violent is 18-year-old Sheleena Sumel, who hails from beautiful downtown Honolulu by way of Waikiki Beach and now lives in the colder, less glamorous, but probably more friendly surrounds of London. Tiny Sheleena, just 5 feet 1 inch tall and a trim 33–22–32, left her Pacific home ten years ago and consequently memories of palms, pineapples and some of the best surfing in the world have become blurred by the passing of time. 'It's hard not to miss the climate though,' maintains Sheleena, 'even though we've had a pretty good summer over here. I still have many relatives in Honolulu however, and I'm looking forward to the time when I'll have saved up enough money to go back for a holiday and visit them all.' She smiles shyly. 'I love London, but there is no place like home.'

RCA

LINDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

In our fair capital city there are clubs and clubs. Some good, some bad, some indifferent. At the top end of the scale, Tramps, Annabels and Mortons; the stomping ground of Lindy Benson. 22 years old, blonde, blue-eyed, just 5 feet 4 inches tall and filling a tape-measure to the tune of 34B–22–33. Very pleasantly too, as every single male cinema-goer who saw the film *Tonight* will readily agree. 'My life does tend to revolve around work,' maintains Lindy. 'When I'm working on a film, I have to be on set at the crack of dawn and that means no late nights. But when I don't happen to be filming . . .' Lindy laughs. 'I'm a clubber, I've got to admit it. and I do like the more fashionable places. I like the kind of people that go there, the atmosphere, everything about them in fact. I like dancing – and a good meal too. The only real problem is that as most of my favourite places admit members only you either have to be a member yourself or go with someone who is. I'm lucky in that I never run into difficulties as

it's great to go out with friends or your particular boyfriend of the moment. I much prefer going out with people I know than, say, going to a party where I know maybe only a few people. I suppose I'm a bit shy in a way.' Lindy smiles. 'Now you're going to be asking yourself if I'm a bit shy how come I don't mind taking my clothes off for *Mayfair?* It's a question I can't answer myself really. A lot depends on the photographer and Siwer was lovely to work with. I couldn't take my clothes off for just *anyone* though. Same with sex. I know it must sound very silly to you and I know that we're supposed to be liberated and all that, but I do view sex with a certain innocence. I like it to be romantic. Wine, guitars, moonlight and roses. Omar Khayam had the right idea with his loaves of bread and jugs of wine. Especially the latter, dry white with just a touch of sweetness – a good hock for instance. It's a very gentle drink, makes you feel mellow and cuddly. It's the times I drink wine that I wish I was married. I think about the girls

I went to school with at the Highgate Wood Secondary Modern up in Muswell Hill, north London where I was born, and I quite envy them. It must be awfully nice to get married and settle down. I'm sure I will sometime, but I do get a bit lonely sometimes.' Lindy looks wistful for a moment, absently brushing a loose strand of soft blonde hair away from her eyes. 'Still,' she adds brightly, 'there are distinct advantages to being single too. You get your pick of different boyfriends for instance. I'm always the one who's chatted-up – I don't really have the nerve to go up to a man I fancy and let him know that I do fancy him – but that's not such a bad thing. Because wouldn't it be terrible if you started coming on strong with a man only to find that he thought you were awful! That would be so embarrassing.' She giggles, now thoroughly cheered up again. 'I must admit, it would be quite funny though, the sort of thing that would probably appeal to my sense of humour. Like something out of a Woody Allen or a Mel Brooks film. I like them, they take the mickey. They're cheeky. They just rely on pure wit. That's a quality I admire. I think I'd have liked Oscar Wilde.' Lindy, we bet that Oscar might have liked you too.

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 14

Wine and deceiving reasons for more of it – and the sweet love soothings plied throughout – relaxed for self-protective alertness: here she offers up to love the warm fresh scented relics of her maidenhood, her shoes, her bra, all the clothing witnessing her giving up resistance and the abandonment consummated here.

original by Hedylos (Apparently a native of Samos, he wrote in the third century BC. A dozen epigrams survive.)

ANITA

The medical world's loss is our gain. Barely 12 months ago grateful male patients could have had their heart rates and adrenalin levels instantaneously raised by the tender and professional ministrations of 24-year-old medical student Anita Florence Hemmings. No more. Anita has traded in her white coat and stethoscope for swim suits, smart clothes, frilly underwear and occasionally her own summer-tanned 37–22–36 bare skin. 'Modelling wasn't an ,easy choice,' she tells us. 'I only took it up originally to help with my grant, but then more and more work started to come in and I reached a point where I had to make a decision. Of course this kind of work won't last forever and I shall probably come back and finish my course.' Theory, she found, was hard work but fascinating. The biggest problem was working on the wards. 'I just couldn't remain detached,' she confesses. 'It's not that I fainted at the sight of blood or worse, it's just that I couldn't help getting involved.' She laughs at our curious look. 'And not just attractive

men patients either!' She grows serious again. 'No, I do care about people, my father was a GP and I always found science easy at school. But you need a kind of professional detachment I found terribly difficult. You can't do your job well if you're worring about it all the time.' No more worries now? 'Only about keeping my weight down and my figure trim,' she grins. 'Actually I cycle a lot and that keeps the dreaded spare tyre at bay. I find I can eat more or less what I like.' And boyfriends? A smile. 'Most of them seem to think I'm a walking medical book. You'd be astonished what some men ask. One photographer I worked with recently insisted that he was impotent. I gave him all this terribly professional advice, but he insisted on taking down his trousers to show me.' And the diagnosis? Anita laughs. 'Either I'm wasting a gift of healing or he was the biggest liar I've ever met!'

PRUNELLA

The villa overlooks a blue Majorcan bay. Green scrub peppers the hills behind, a white beach gleams amongst sun-yellowed rock. And by the pool, unshaded, a giggling brunette unfolds endless bronze legs, bare as the day she was born. 'I feel so outrageous,' grins 21-year-old Prunella Keaton, turning onto her back at our photographer's request, a movement which does little to reduce the formidable 'jut' of her 36-inch breasts. 'I am a bit sticky-out, aren't I?' She catches our admiring look. 'I do wear a bra as a rule but I don't need to.' She smiles, twisting her five feet seven inches to scissor her legs. 'The last time I had such attention was when I went nitty-dipping with my boyfriend one night.' Nitty-dipping? 'Swimming in the altogether. It's fabulous.'

Prunella is a native of Northampton – 'Rushden actually, which is just outside' – where she works as a receptionist in a local firm. 'It's a very friendly place, but perhaps that's because I was born there. A lot of people are starting to commute to London from there now, but I wouldn't like to leave. I like to have lots of people I know around me. I'm quite shy deep down. I know you don't believe that!' she laughs, standing, hands on hips, to let the sun bathe her 36–22–36 inches. A boyfriend sent in holiday snaps of Prunella; a brief interview in our offices and she was despatched to warm Mediterranean climes. 'I think the photographs on the balcony will be best,' she confides. 'Can you imagine just standing there, showing everything to someone you fancied, but them not being able to get at you?' A bright giggle. 'Honestly, I'm not usually such a tease, unless it's someone very very special.' And was there? A feline grin. 'That would be telling. Let's say I'll consider offers.'

BETTY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKE PATTERSON

Naughty weekenders beware! Nineteen year-old Betty Rankin can spot the real Mr and Mrs Smith at a glance. 'It's a look,' she tells us in a soft Gloucestershire accent. 'Either the girl giggles and the man goes red. Or they're both very straightforward

and then the man forgets what the girl's suitcase looks like. That's a dead giveaway. But I never say anything. It would be far too embarrassing.' Discretion was one of the first lessons Betty learned as a hotel receptionist. Her fulsome 38–24–36 inches have adorned three entrance halls so far, two in the West Country and one in London's Bayswater. 'I wouldn't go back

there,' she says. 'London's far too impersonal. It's nice to meet lots of different people, but in the end you get to know so few. I'm a country person deep down.' Five feet two inches tall, she dreams of her own rural roadhouse, tasteful but friendly with room at the back for a vast family of her own. No naughty weekends for her? 'I'd go red as a beetroot. But it'd be lovely to be asked.'

MAYFAIR'S FABULOUS FIVE

Five of the sexiest, most delicious dollies ever to grace Mayfair in full colour films for you to enjoy again and again in your home.

CAROLINE *Cool, pert and pretty is Caroline Dell. Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4.*

PENNY *Penny Mallett has nothing to hide in a polythene bikini.*

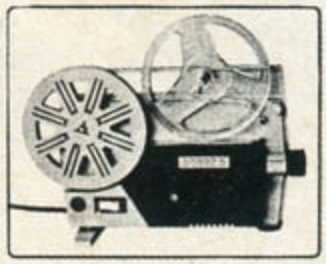
SOPHIE *Soaking uniform; sunny girl. Sophie strips for you.*

SYLVIA *Sensuous Sylvia Bayo fulfils your erotic fantasies in this sizzling Mayfair film.*

VICTORIA *Victoria Jane. Soft, cuddly and very bare.*

Mayfair's Film Society offers you five masterpieces of erotic home entertainment. Five films and five girls, all with that certain extra 'something' that puts them to the front of every list of girls you've asked to see again. There's Caroline Dell, the cool, swinging, blonde dolly with the unmistakable air of a young Monroe. Caroline's svelte charms made her a natural for the first *Mayfair* movie. Sylvia Bayo is the sultry temptress whose sex-appeal awakens your deepest erotic fantasies. Linger awhile over her huge breasts; her sensuous lips and you'll know why we say Sylvia sizzles. And who could possibly ignore Penny Mallett, our blonde bombshell beauty queen? When Penny's costume is destroyed by jealous rivals in a beauty contest, her use of a shiny polythene substitute reveals all our reasons for wanting to capture her on film. Hostess Sophie is soaked after spilling her drink. Lingeringly, she peels off the sodden uniform to change while you, her fellow travellers are treated to Sophie's full-breasted, long-legged attractions. Finally, there's Victoria Jane. Remember her from *Mayfair's* Vol. 6 No. 5? Victoria's soft and cuddly with warm velvet eyes and dark flowing hair. She's yours, along with Caroline, Sylvia, Penny and Sophie in glorious living colour on 8mm film for just £6·55 each. The films are approximately 100 feet long and available in a choice of Standard 8 or Super 8. Great value for five really great girls.

FANTASTIC MOVIE PROJECTOR OFFER



How better to view our films than with our own projector? It's just £18.80, complete with wall-hung screen, and comes in a special case. The fabulous Super 8 size, which gives you a larger image, is ideal for all your home movies. Note: We regret that this projector is available to UK readers only.

With five full colour films available from the Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is well catered for.

CARRIE

Library rules are rigidly kept when Carrie has a slip

HELP!
SILENCE